

AVERAGE CIRCULATION  
OVER  
300,000  
PER DAY.

PRICE ONE CENT.

# LAST EDITION. EXTRA. SUSPENSE

Condemned Men at Sing Sing  
Count Their Lives by  
Minutes.

Preparations for the Quadruple  
Electrocutions Nearly  
Completed.

Witnesses All Present, Waiting  
Final Tests of the Death  
Machinery.

The Doomed Men Bear Up Well—  
Wood Spent the Night in Prayer.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

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The experts have made a final test of the machinery. The doomsday men's spiritual advisers were summoned this forenoon, and the doomsday men themselves were aroused at an earlier hour than usual.

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11:45 P. M.—Chaplain Edgerton and another ministerial-looking man, whose name was refused, have just entered the prison. All is quiet outside the walls.

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**NEARING THE END.**  
The Doomed Men Sleep and Eat as Though Death Were Far Off.  
SING SING, N. Y., July 6.—There is an awful solemnity in the passing of a soul. The last hours of one to the valley of the shadow of death watched out by loving, anxious friends who surround the bedside and sad hours for the watchers and the dying one. Every gasp is a poignant thrust for those by the bedside, and the passing with life, no matter how complete the preparations, is a dreadful thing.

Even on the brink of the grave the men never lost their appetites. The late breakfast yesterday, the full of two competing roast beef, potatoes, white bread and gravy, coffee, butter and pumpkin pie for Wood, Smiler and Slocum, the day having a double box of sardines in place of roast, for all three. The last sacrament was administered to all four yesterday by the priests and Chaplain Edgerton, and when Keener, Dornbaker and Kirsch, who had been the guardians of the condemned by day, left the death-chamber at 5 o'clock, the four men were in a state of mind to face their fate with a calmness that was almost surprising.

The scene was impressive, for up to that time both the officers and the men had studiously avoided any act or word that might bring up the subject that must have been uppermost in the minds of all.

The prisoners took the offered hands with firm grips, and after the keepers had gone all four lay back into moody silence, to be broken by the principal keeper on his regular evening visit.

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McElvaine had occupied the cell on the extreme left, shown in the diagram to be found in another column.

The next was a vacant cell. Then came Smiler, and the right-hand cell in the apartment on the left of the brick-walled, narrow passage to death was occupied by Jugro.

Wood was located in the left-hand cell. The next was vacant, and Slocum and Trezza occupied the other two.

Not one of them, not even Ismael Freeman, who has been for thirty years, in fact as in name, "content," would change places with the men in the death-chamber. Freeman lived in Dutchess County. He killed his wife in 1901. He was thirty-one years old then. He is a seagull-like man, grown old and hoarse in prison. Yet even such a life is dear to him, and he went about his duties as before yesterday, humming a simple air in happiness.

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